THE Folly of LOVE.

A NEW SATYR AGAINST WOMAN.

The Second Edition, Corrected and Enlarged.

To which is now added the Bachelors Lettany, by the same hand.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura Virgo, & fringitur artibus
Jam nunc, & incestos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.

Hor. Ode 6. Lib. 3.

London, Printed for E. *Hawkins*, 1693.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

PREFACE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THese Papers, (the Effect of some leisure Hours in the Country*) had never seen the Light, being Wrote only for my own Private Diversion; if by a most unexpected Accident, a fair Written Copy of it had not come to my hands, desiring my strict Examination of it, in order to its being Publisht. I confess I was as much surpriz'd to see it, as Mr.* Dryden's Sosia *in* Amphitrion *was to view* Mercury *in his own Shape: I knew I had the Original in my Closet, and wondred to find one so nearly like it in Manuscript.*

I was often, I must confess, Importun'd for a Copy, but deny'd it to the Dearest of my Friends; those few who read it, Protested by all that was Sacred, not to Transcribe a Line of it: But it seems some very civil Gentleman, to me unknown, (finding a Salvo for his Promise) Copied it, and sent it to a Book-seller, (pretending he found it on the Road) desiring, if he thought it would turn

to Account, to Print it: He, as Interest Governs the World, resolv'd to send it to the Press. This coming to my knowledg, I was absolutely necessitated to Print it in my own Defence; and as it is, 'tis all at the Readers Service. Perhaps some Angry S H E may be Offended with some biting Lines; but let her Fret on, 'tis the same thing to me, for of all the Misfortunes Incident to Flesh and Blood, Heaven Deliver me from Love and Dotage.

Books Written by the same Author, *Viz.*

SEarch after Claret, 3 parts
Satyr against Whoring
Seige and Surrender of *Mons*
Islington Wells, or Threepeny Academy
The Long Vacation
The Charracter of a Bigotted Prince.
Dialogue between Claret and *Darby*-Ale
Elegy on Dr. *Saffold*
Elegy on Mr. *Baxter*
The Auction of Ladies
The Auction of Whores
The Rake, or the Libertines Religion
The Circulation of Mony, or the Travels of a Half Crown
Jacobite Conventicle
A Letter from *Legborn*
Present State of *England*, a Vision
Chuse which you will Liberty or Slavory.
Elegy on Admiral *Carter*
Elegy on the *French* Fleet
Britannia Victrix, a Poem on the Victory over the *French*
The Lent Keepers
The *Baccanalian* Sessions, with a farewell to Wine.

The Pleasures of Love and Marriage a Poem.
Barbarian Cruelty, or the History of the Captivity of the *English* Slaves under the Emperor of *Morocco*.
The Good House-wife made a Doctor, or Healths choice and sure Friend, by *Tho. Tryon*. The second Edition with Additions.

THE

THE

Folly of Love.

A

SATYR.

HAppy was Man, when first by Nature made
The welcome guest of *Eden's* blisful shade;
The Godhead then, pleas'd the lov'd work to see,
With joy proclaim'd a *Publick Jubilee*;
Seraphick Angels Hallelujahs sung,
And *Paradice* with joyful Ecchoes rung;
The jocund Sphers their sweetest Consorts play,
All Nature smil'd; Oh, 'twas a glorious day.
The *Sun* put on his brightest beams of Light,
And seem'd to bid defiance to the Night;

The Birds expreſt their joy on ev'ry bough,
The Fiſhes leapt, while Beaſts fell proſtrate low,
With awful reverence *Man* they all Ador'd,
And ev'ry Creature own'd him for their Lord:
Ev'n the wild beaſts who have been Rebels ſince,
Then practis'd *Non-reſiſtance* to their Prince;
When for his pleaſure he diſpos'd to reſt,
No ſawcy Inſect durſt his Sleep moleſt;
In gentle ſlumbers undiſturb'd he lay,
Till thoughts refreſh'd rows'd drowſy ſloth away;
Lord of himſelf, his paſſions not enſlav'd:
He nothing wanted, for he never crav'd.
The *Devil* grin'd, with malice burſt, to find
This happyer *Eden* of Man's tranquil Mind;
He ſaw't with Envy, whilſt his working thought
VVas buſi'd how the Ruin might be wrought;
New-minted Miſcheifs rumble in his brain,
Each falſe Stamp'd Coin is melted down again,
'Till refin'd Fancy fix'd on *Woman*; then
Reſolv'd that Innovation to begin;
Beauty's the chief Ingredient of his Art,
T' out rival Nature with a Counterpart;
Beauty that outward Species of falſe Grace,
The ſly ſmooth witchcraft of a fair young Face.
It hapned on a too too fatal time,
As *Adam* did a ſpacious Mountain climb
Of Natures works, a proſpect to ſurvey,
A lovely Grove invited him to ſtay;
Where ſpreading *Beach*, and ſtately *Elm* afford
A pleaſing ſhade to the *Creation*'s *Lord*:
Hard by, a murm'ring Stream did ſoftly creep,
On whoſe green Banks he laid him down to ſleep:

But

But whilſt in pleaſant Dreams intrans'd he lay,
Some Spirit came and ſtole his Rib away,
And of that *crooked ſhapeleſs* thing did frame
The *Worlds great Plague* and did it *Woman* name.
But when (alas) thus, from his ſleeping ſide
This fair Perdition, man's ill deſtin'd *Bride*
Aroſe, new modell'd in her beautious Pride.
The *Sun* ſurpriz'd at th' unexpected ſight,
Retir'd in haſte with wonder and affright;
Th' aſtoniſh'd Angels too ſeem'd much amaz'd
All on the unknown Monſter doubting gaz'd;
The work they knew was perfected in Man,
Admiring whence this Novelty began:
Their pleaſant Notes the Birds forget to ſing,
With mournful Airs the Hills and Vallies ring;
Fiſh to their Ouzy banks return in ſhoals,
Beaſts to their Dens, and Inſects to their holes;
All Nature groan'd with a Prophetick fear
Foreſeeing the *ſad ills* would come by her.
He wak'd, with wonder and Devotion fill'd,
When he her goodly Shape and Form beheld:
With gazing his amazement was increaſt,
He thought ſhe was ſome *Goddeſs* at the leaſt:
But when the thing was better underſtood,
He found like him ſhe was but *Fleſh* and *Blood*.
Without *Prieſts Aid* he took her for his *Bride*,
And laid the *ſmiling Miſchief* by his ſide.
Love's ſolemn Rights not long had been fulfil'd,
But his new Spouſe perceiv'd ſhe was with Child;
And tho he ſtrove by all kind arts to pleaſe,
Yet all in vain, ſhe could not be at eaſe,

Until

Until by ſtealth to ſave her longing, ſhe
Had taſted of the one *Forbidden Tree*:
The *fatal Morſel* hardly ſwallow'd down,
She found the angry Face of Heav'n to Frown;
Yet ſo prevailing was her Malice grown,
She was reſolv'd not to be *Curſt* alone,
And therefore with inſinuating ſmiles,
Her *too believing* Husband ſoon beguiles:
The *baneful Treat* ſoon opens both their Eyes,
To take a proſpect of their *Miſeries*:
With *Melancholly ſighs* they mourn their Fate,
And *Eden* with regret they *Abdicate*.

From her accurſed Loyns have ſprung a Race,
The VVorlds, their Own, and all Mankinds Diſgrace.
Woman! at ſpeaking of the very Name,
Nature ſtarts back and hides her ſelf in ſhame,
VVoman! the fatal Authreſs of our Fall:
VVoman! the ſure Deſtroyer of us all;
Nature, 'tis own'd, did all her ſkill diſplay,
And made their Bodies of the fineſt Clay;
She labour'd with the moſt induſtrious care,
To make their outſides beautiful and Fair;
How all their Limbs in juſt proportion riſe,
How *ſmooth* the Muſcles of their *Arms* and *Thighs*;
Nor can the *Down* which on the *Swans* is ſeen
Exceed the *ſoftneſs* of their *milk white Skin*;
But that which muſt to all her Art give place,
Is womans *tempting wonderworking Face*.
Like *Sodom*'s *Apples* pleaſant to the Eye,
VVithin pale rottenneſs, and aſhes lye;
Their very ſight does *youthful Blood* enrage,
And proves as fatal to *declining Age*.

Oh!

Oh! could we Live without that *cloven Sex*,
VVhoſe *only pleaſure*'s to torment and vex,
Fate would, no doubt, ſome better method find,
To propagate, and multiply Mankind.
Angels from their Abodes might hither fly,
And bleſs mankind with their ſociety.
But ſince 'tis vain to wiſh where there's no cure,
And we muſt ſtill thoſe needful *Ills* endure,
In their *own colours* we'll the Sex diſplay,
And he who after that can Love 'em, may.

'Tis true, but little hopes can ere be had
To mend what is *incorrigibly* bad;
Yet, *Satyr*, thy ſevereſt VVhip prepare
To *laſh* the ſex ſo very *vile* yet *fair*.
Be juſt, ſpare neither *Quality*, nor *Age*,
From *Girl*, juſt fit for Man, to *Matron* ſage;
From *Dunghill raker* up to *Lady* fine,
Dreſſing *all day*, in *Play-houſe* Box to ſhine;
Recount their *various Arts*, their *ſubtle Wiles*,
Their *artful Tears*, and their *more artful Smiles*;
Their numerous Vices, which they Vertue Paint,
And from the *Woman* ſeparate the *Saint*,
That ſo unwary heedleſs Man may ſhun
Thoſe *fatal Gulphs* where ſinking Youth's undone;
By Mermaid melody's decoy'd, in haſte
They *plunge* i'th' unſeen *Whirlepool*'s, ſink ſo faſt,
Eſtate and Vigour in a moment's Loſt.

Of *all* the various ſeeds of Vice which reſt
Within the compaſs of the *Female Breaſt*;

The firſt which ſhews it ſelf in open View
Is *Pride*, the *earlieſt* ſin the *Devil* knew:
But ſuch ſucceſs does t' imitation *fall*,
The *Copy* far exceeds th' *Original*.
In *Pride*, ſo *quickly* they proficient grow,
That Babes the *Nipples* do not ſooner know.

Should any daring Pen for Subject chuſe,
What various Dreſſes Modern *Females* uſe,
What Antick Habits their own *Mothers* wore,
And what was us'd an Hundred Years before;
Their *Fardingales*, *Stiff-Ruffs*, and *all* the train
Of Faſhions us'd in *Old Queen Beſs*'s Reign;
Could he deſcribe the Riſe and Pedigree
Of *Monumental Top-Knot Gallantry*,
Expoſe their Arts (which they eſteem no ſin)
To *mend the Face*, and *Meliorate the Skin*;
Of *Waſhes*, *Paints*, *Perfumes*, diſplay their *Skill*,
The *bare Relation* would more *Volumes fill*
Than are in *Oxford* or the *Vatican*,
And reach from thence to *China* or *Japan*.

Ev'n the raw Country Girl juſt come to Town,
In her *Straw-Hat* and *Linſy-Wolſy Gown*,
Rather than ſhe *unmodiſh* would appear,
And come to *Church* in her plain ruſty *Gear*,
By *Envy*, and by *Inclination led*,
Will for New Rigging pawn her *Maidenhead*,
All on a ſudden grows ſo wondrous pretty,
The *City-Mantua* hides *plain Country-Betty*.

Nay,

Nay, the *Old Madams* too, who one would think
Stood tott'ring upon Life's extreameſt Brink;
Thoſe who in ſpight of Nature *will be Young*,
At *Theatres* and *Churches* where they throng,
Are (but with Laughter) by the *Gallants* ſeen
Dreſt and ſet off like *Girls* of *Seventeen*.
Lord! with a what uncommon charming Grace,
That fine *Settee* becomes a Wainſcot Face!
How Mother *Shipton* Looks dreſt up in Point,
VVho, tho her Face with Paint ſhe ſo anoint,
That like a Joynted Baby ſhe appears,
So ſleek, ſo *plump*, ſo *ruddy*, and ſo clear,
Yet *all* can never hide her *Threeſcore Years*:
But ſo *unlimited* a Vice is *Pride*,
That Nature's *Faults* it *will not only hide*,
But even as far as ſerves to cheat the Eye,
Does her *Defects* by *mimick Art ſupply*.

Imagine now from *Play-houſe* juſt return'd
A Lady, who (when there) in Fancy burn'd;
Uneaſy by ſome diſappointments made,
Preparing to undreſs her ſelf for Bed;
Her *curled Locks* (miſtaken for her own)
Are in confuſion on her *Toylet* thrown;
Next, her *Glaſs-Eye* put *nicely* in a Box,
VVith *Ivory Tooth*, which never had the *Pox*:
Her ſtiff *Steel Bodies*, which her *Bunch* did hide,
Are with her *Artificial Buttocks* laid aſide;
Thus ſhe who did but a *ſmall* hour ago,
Like *Angel*, or *Terreſtrial Goddeſs* ſhow,
Slides into Loathſom Sheets, where ſince we've fixt her,
Leave her, of *Pride* and *Luſt* an *equal mixture*.

Not

Not *all the Malice* joyn'd with *all the Wit*,
With which *ill-natur'd Poets* ever writ,
Could ever yet deſcribe the various kinds
Of Womens *boundleſs Luſts*, which *ſtrictly* binds
Their *Souls* and *Bodies* ſo, they ſeem to be
Compos'd of nothing elſe but *Lechery:*
The *forward Girl*, who ſcarce can write fourteen,
Thinks Days are Ages *till* the ſport ſhe's ſeen;
Although her amorous Neſt is *hardly Feather'd*,
Nay, *ſcarcely ripe*, yet *longs* ſhe to be gather'd.
Ev'n they whom *pious Education fools*, —
Or elſe are bound by ſtrict *Monaſtick Rules*,
Yet burn with ſuch an inward *Luſtful Flame*,
As *all their little Arts* can never tame.
Lap Dogs and D------s ſerve as much to cure
Their cuſtomary raging *Calenture*,
As Men in *Fevers*, when they drink *ſmall Beer*,
Which makes the Fit return but more ſevere.
All the Endeauours for to quench deſire,
Serve *only* to promote *the hidden Fire.*
Luſt's the firſt *Leſſon* which they *always learn*,
'Ere they the diffrence of the Sex diſcern;
But that at laſt by airy Notions got,
Is the whole Subject of their private Chat;
Nay, *Bawds* half drunk, at a young *Baſtards* Chriſtning,
More lewdly cannot talk, than I (who liſtning)
Have heard young Virgins in a corner prattle
About ſome Notions broacht by *Ariſtotle:*
But ſince the Name of *Luſt* is too ſevere,
Too harſh and rugged for *the Female Ear*,
We'll call it *Love*, and under that diſguiſe,
Obſerve their various *cloſe Hippocriſies.*

By

By arbitrary Cuſtom, long ſince curſt,
In Love, the omen muſt not offer firſt:
They muſt appear indifferent and cold,
And when the Youth has all his Paſſions told,
Put on a forc'd Diſguiſe, and gravely ſay,
What pity, Sir, fine words are thrown away!
In other things I'm much at your command,
But not one word of Love I underſtand;
Yet by her *Eyes*, which beſt the *Soul* expreſs,
Her Inclinations are not hard to gueſs.
Suppoſe a Youth moſt Fortunately bleſt
With all the Charms that ere his Sex poſſeſt;
Transform'd by Love into a *whining Fool*,
A Womans Play-thing, and a *Chamber Tool:*
If ſhe be Proud, (*as where's the She is not?*)
When crouching at her Feet ſhe ſees the Sot;
With greater Pride the *Turk* did never ſeem,
T' inſult on proſtrate ſlaves, than ſhe on him:
She ſlights his Preſents, and neglects his Paſſion,
And makes his *Torments* but her *Recreation*;
But yet his *Flatteries* have this Effect,
In puniſhing her feigned cold Neglect;
Her Pride and Luſt they ſo much ſerve t' inflame,
That ſhe at laſt, in order them to tame,
Her Wiſhes to ſome *Stallion* does impart,
And his *ſtrong Back* muſt eaſe her *Am'rous Smart.*
——Thus what to *Love* and *Merit* was deny'd,
Is by the Favourite *Groom*, or *Footman* try'd.
Thus tho the Nymph to him appear ſo coy,
She lets another taſt the hidden Joy;
For the whole Sex agree it ſha'nt be ſaid,
Nature made mouths which were not to be Fed.

Sometimes a Cruſt goes with more Guſto down,
Than all *French* Cickſhaws and Ragous in Town:
Curſt Fate of Women who do always run
In thoſe Extreams which moſt they ſtrive to ſhun.
But grant her Gen'rous, Affable and Kind,
And not to *Pride* or *Tyranny* inclin'd;
Eaſy when Courted, and diſpos'd to yield,
And leave *Philander* Maſter of the Field.
Though *the laſt Favours* are allow'd, and he
Proud of the New obtain'd Felicity,
Loves ev'n to Dotage, knows no Heav'n but ſhe,
And thinks the Gods not half ſo bleſt as he:
Yet in the midſt of all his rapt'rous Joys,
Before his Perſon or Enjoyment Cloys,
She *Jilts* him; and to heighten his diſgrace,
Kiſſes ſome new pretender 'fore his Face.
Some little time ſhe's kind to this *New Lover*,
But quickly does ſome cauſe of change diſcover:
Weary of him ſhe to another flies,
Swears he's the only perſon ſhe can prize;
But having him *two days, five hours, three quarters*,
Leaves him to *Hang in penitential Gurters*;
Still apt to change, to give the *Sex their due*,
They ſcarcely are to their *own Wiſhes true*.
They *love*, they *hate*, and yet they know not why,
Conſtant in nothing but *Inconſtancy*.
When you of Nature can divert the Courſe,
And make the Loadſtone leave its 'tractive force.
Prove *Snow is Black*, and waſh the *Negro White*,
And make the Sun appear in darkeſt Night;
Fix Quick-ſilver, and make the *S.* a ſtand ſtill,
And cauſe the Clouds no longer Rain diſtil;

When

VVhen this by Art you can effect and do,
Then I'll believe a Woman can be true.
But hold, ſome *Female Advocate* I hear,
Who blames my Satyr as if too ſevere.
If ſome (ſays he) *are fickle, are there none*
VVhoſe Vertues may for others Faults attone?
VVho built the Mauſoleum, *which loud Fame*
Does juſtly one of the VVorlds Wonders name?
But Artimeſa, *whoſe true love was ſuch,*
That her own Body was not thought too much
For her dear Husbands Aſhes to find room,
And to his Mem'ry did Erect that Tomb;
Nay, in this Vicious Age ſome few there are,
Behind that Queens Example come not far.
'Tis own'd; but ſuch Examples are as ſcarce
As five-legg'd Calves, three Moons, or Blazing-Stars;
For when into the World ſuch Monſters creep,
Nature is Retrograde, or half aſleep.
Nature, on whom we Juſtly lay the blame,
Which ſo inclines us ſtill to act our ſhame,
E'ne in fruition ſobs the boaſted Gains,
And with ſhort pleaſure baulks the mighty pains;
Nauſeous the Bliſs, a naſty fulſom Toy,
VVhich we regret, e'ne while we yet enjoy;
So ſhort, ſo trifling, there's no comfort in it;
'Tis thought, begun, and finiſht in a minute;
And when the Eager tranſitory ſport is o're,
VVe lie like Fiſhes gaſping on the ſhoar.
Oh *Nature, Nature!* Rigid are thy Laws,
Since blindly thus we muſt ſubmit our Cauſe.
VVho without Horror, or Amazement can
Survey that hideous *Precipice of Man?*

Or

Or with his Pen ſufficiently deplore
That Fatal Gulph we call a *Common Whore?*
VVho can expreſs her Arts of drawing in
Unwary Youths to the beloved ſin?
VVhen caught, what ſtratagems ſhe ſtill prepares,
To keep them blindfold in the fatal Snares.
So ſoon ſhe *learnt the Linen lifting Trade,*
That ſhe *forgets ſhe ever was a Maid:*
In Arts *obſcene* ſo very 'xpert and clear,
The *Devil himſelf* may come to learn of her:
For ſhould all Tricks of *Female lewdneſs* fail,
They all might be *reviv'd* in *Poſture Mall*;
The Sexes *Harlequin* or *Scaramouch*,
VVhoſe various *Scenes of Nakedneſs* are ſuch,
As e'n makes *Nature* bluſh.----But hold, my Muſe,
This Subject will too much thy thoughts abuſe:
Let's leave her, who to Lewdneſs ſets no bounds,
The Lady *Abbeſs* of the *Fleetſtreet Nuns.*

Their Youth with *Claps*, and *Luſt* juſt worn away,
And all their Charms beginning to decay;
VVith *Mead* and *Bottle Beer*, they call *Cock-Ale*,
And ſome young Cracks, who waiting never fail,
Commence *Grave Bauds*, and keep a *Vaulting School*,
VVhere *Callow Youths* their Health and Money fool;
VVhile they by Age *Venereal Sports* forbid;
Yet highly pleas'd to ſee what once they did.
They live in one continued *Scene* of Luſt,
Till *Pox* or *Gallows* turn them into Duſt.

Kept Miſtreſſes my *Satyr* next will find,
A Trade which is but Whoring once refin'd;
A ſort of *Jilts*, ſo baſe, and ſo untrue,
As *VVhetſtones-Park* or *Fleetſtreet* never knew.

In

In former times they were content, and proud,
With the ſmall Pittance which the Spark allow'd,
And took it for a Favour ſeldom known,
If twice a Year bleſt with a New Silk Gown;
But now ſo termigant and haughty grown,
That ere *kind Keeper* ſteps into her Bed,
With Coach and Six ſhe muſt be furniſhed;
Have *Settlement* and *Joynture* made her Honour,
And take ſuch State and Quality upon her;
Sit in the Front of the *King's Box* at Plays,
And Rival *Lady Dutcheſs* to her Face;
Laviſh out more in one *Spring Garden Treat*,
Than would provide a Firſt-Rate Ship with Meat.
While *Limberham* her Luſt can ne're ſuffice,
But what his unperforming Back denies,
The *Footman* and the *Coachman's Brawn* ſupplies;
Such Slaves they are to Intereſt and Gold,
That ſhould a Man both Impotent and Old,
Worn out with Claps, the Palſy, or the Gout,
By ſome device find *Bellamira* out;
Bid but a *Brace of Hundreds* more a year,
This Old Dry *Lecher* will the *Jilt* prefer
Before the Youth whoſe Blood his Paſſion warms,
And can each Night with pleaſure fill her Arms.
Nothing in *Nature* ever was more common,
Than the *kept Jilting, proſtituted Woman.*

Nay, thoſe that do to Vertue moſt pretend,
Yet ſeldom are without their *private Friend*,
By whom in ſecret often they'r careſt,
For *ſtolen pleaſures always are the beſt*;
Manag'd although with greateſt privacy,
They ſometimes get a *tell tale Tympany*;

And then the *little Infants* cries proclaim
The *Father's Frolick*, and the *Mothers Shame*:
But if the *Intrigue*'s ſo cloſely carry'd on,
Not the leaſt *Item* of the matter's known;
How will ſhe of her *Vertue loudly prate*,
And *bluſh at Bawdy*, yet *well knows what's what*;
Abroad 'gainſt *Lewdneſs how will ſhe exclaim*,
Yet *daily* practice what ſhe does condemn:
If after *all*, this *Damſel* ſeeming Chaſt,
By *Husband Lover*'s courted at the *laſt*;
With that ſucceſs he *will not* be deny'd,
But have this *ſuppos'd Virgin* for his Bride.
Lord! what a ſtir is made with *Alum-Water*,
And ſuch *Aſtringents* for to hide the *matter*!
That ſhe who knows as much as did her Mother,
May ſeem a *Maid*, and former Amours ſmother,
And in his Arms be *fearful* of a touch:
But hold; of this enough, if not too much.
Of *all the Plagues* attending human Life,
The *greateſt* ſure is that we *call a Wife*;
Nor is there a more pitied Wretch than he,
That's doom'd to *Matrimonial Slavery*:
Unquiet days and nights with *endleſs noiſe*
Are the ſad conſequence of ſuch a choice:
For *little* did he think what Miſchiefs *lay*
In thoſe hard words, *for ever and for aye*:
Thoſe *holy words* which the *ſly Clergy* uſe
To *cajole people* in a *fatal Nooſe*;
A Charm no after-Magick can unty,
Till both, or either *opportunely Die*.
A *Wife*, what is ſhe but a *Wench by Law*,
Which tame *Fools* wed to keep *thomſelves* in awe?

For

For ſum up *all* the Curſes which *befall*
Unhappy Man, the *Marry'd* has 'em *all*.
If *Jealouſie*, that *Wild-fire* of the Brain,
Does once her ſerious thinking entertain;
Bred by *Suſpicion*, and by *Fancy* Nurſt,
No *Tyger* ever was ſo Fierce and Curſt,
Abroad ſhe like ſome *Helliſh Fury* ſeems,
At home *ſtill haunted* by her own vain Dreams;
Unquiet, never with her ſelf at peace,
Till ſome kind *Rope*, or *Poyſon*, give her eaſe,
Fit *Phyſick* for ſo deſp'rate a Diſeaſe.

If Appetite to change, or ſome Diſguſt,
Adds a New *Fuel* to her private *Luſt*;
It is reſolv'd, nor *ſhall thy Fate, O Man!*
Reſiſt her Vow; for do what e're thou can,
No *Bolts*, *Bars*, *Locks*, can Fetter *Inclination*,
Thou art a Cuckold by Predeſtination.
(Hard Fate of Cuſtom, that *the Faults of Wife*,
Should thus diſgrace the *Husband* during Life,)
Either, of *Credit Negligent*, ſhe cares
Not who her Looſe Intrigues both ſees and hears;
Tho at Noon-day to'r Houſe the Heroes ruſh,
For ſhe has *long time* ſince forgot to *Bluſh*;
Or elſe by 'pointment in a *Dark Alcove*,
Deſign'd for *all the Stolen* Sweets of Love;
Meets her *Gallant*, and opening *all* her Charms,
Flies eagerly to his deſired Arms:
My Dear, *my* Love, *my* Life, *my* Soul, *ſhe cries*,
(*Still mingling* every Period with a Kiſs.)
How bleſt am I! *methinks in* Thee *I find*
All that was made to pleaſure Woman-kind.

Lord!

Lord! *what a* Nauſeous thing *my* Husband's *grown:*
Now thou art here, I fancy I have none:
Thank Fate who this kind meeting did allow,
We'll drink the Cuckold's *Health before we go;*
Faith *'tis an honeſt dull performing Tool,*
By Nature fram'd to be a Womans *Fool:*
But thou, my Dear, *haſt found the only Art,*
At once to Conquer and Enjoy my Heart:
Then *ſmiles:* Mean while the *Gallant* ſtrives to prove
His Vigour in the brisk *Aſſaults* of Love.
Nor is ſhe *idle*, for ſome Learned Pen
Aſſures us, that in thoſe *Affairs*——
Women are much more active than the Men.
The *little God* allows the finiſht *Bliſs*,
A *Parting Bottle*, and a *Parting Kiſs*;
And when to meet again, for that's the Text,
Each Viſit proves but *Prologue* to the next;
If envious Fate unluckily deny
Th' appointed meeting, Fancy muſt ſupply,
Deluded Pleaſure, ſhe with Art refines,
(A ſecret ſtill unknown to Vulgar Minds,)
And when the Wretch whom Law does *Husband* name,
Attempts to quench her *everlaſting Flame*,
Ev'n in the Act of the moſt kind Embrace,
When *Arms*, Legs, *Thighs* are joyn'd, and *Face to Face*,
As the forc'd Pulſe beats to the coming Joy,
She ſhuts her Eyes leſt that loath'd Surfeit cloy.
And thus by ſtrong Imagination ſhe,
Her abſent *Gallant* hugs in *Effigie*,
And fancy's her dear *Cuckold Spouſe* is he;
While poor *Cornuto* humbly drudges on,
Till bleſt (with what he ne're begat) a *Son*;

Then

Then at the *Chriſtning*, to compleat the Jeſt,
The modeſt *Gallant*'s choſen from the reſt
For *Godfather*, pleaſed with the double Joy.
Of *Getting* and to *Name* the little Boy.
Intreaguing is of late ſo much the Trade,
That ſhe who Travels not that ſlip'ry Road,
Is laught at by her Sex, as much or more,
Than *Cheated Cully* is by *Bullying-Whore.*
Could *Grays-Inn Walks*, or thoſe of *Lincolns-Inn*,
(Places where Women teach their minds to ſin,)
Or *Park*, or either *Play-Houſe* but relate,
What fine Diſcourſe, what pretty am'rous Chat,
Between the *Gallant* and the *Wife* is made.
When a new Scene of Pleaſure's to be laid,
What ſtrange diſcoveries would the places make
More wonderful than thoſe of *Captain Drake*;
Monſters he ſaw, but *rarely* here and there,
But here *whole Droves of Cuckolds* would appear.
The patient, angry, and unthinking one,
Whoſe Wife's a Jilt, yet he'll believe her none.
Happy's the Man that's handſomly deceiv'd,
Whoſe Wife both Swears and Lyes, yet is believ'd.
Nay, take the beſt of all theſe *Clogs of Life*,
I mean (if ſuch there be) a vertuous *Wife*;
She that With new Indearments ev'ry Night,
Provokes Deſire and hightens Appetite:
Her *Female Fondneſs* will deſtruction prove,
Like *Opium*, to the choice delights of Love.
For what we may at any time enjoy,
Does ev'n the reliſh of the Bliſs deſtroy.
To Pleaſure difficulty adds a Guſt,
I cannot Love and yet I muſt be juſt;

So when to duty, inclination turns,
How faintly th' *Hymenial-Taper* burns;
And no Man yet could ever learn the Art,
T' Inſure a *Womans* fickle roving Heart.
That valued thing, her *Beauty*, may decay,
And Love will wear inſenſibly away;
And when the occaſion of the Paſſion's fled,
Sure Inclination will be faint or dead;
But if t'her natural Infirmities,
Be added ſome acute and ſharp Diſeaſe:
Then *Doctors* and *Apothecaries* come,
And with their Pots and Glaſſes fill the room.
Thrice happy he to whom ſuch luck does fall,
T' imbrace Diſeaſe, and *Wedd an Hoſpitall*:
All *Swell'd with Sighs* and *Blubber'd with her Tears*,
A new made *Widow* next in view appears,
Beating her Breaſt and tearing off her Hair,
She ſeems the very *Emblem* of *Deſpair*.
One would imagin that ſome mighty matter,
Was meant by all this hideous noiſe and clatter;
When her whole mourning's but a *perfect Cheat*,
For ſhe ne're weeps, but 'tis when others ſee't.
Alone her Sorrows to her Hopes give place,
She forms the project of a new Embrace;
And e're her *Husband* in the Grave be laid,
Her Thoughts are of a *Second Bridal-Bed*.
A Maidens Vertue may perhaps be ſenſe,
But who e're heard of *Widows continence*?
For their frail *Tenements* were ne're deſign'd,
T' indure a *Seige*, ſo often *Undermin'd*.
If ſhe be *Young* her Inclinations ſpeak,
Spite of her Dreſs of *black Bandore* and *Peak*;

A *Garb*

A *Garb* invented first to let us know,
That the late *Tennants*, *Lease* is out below;
For Pious Inclinations seldom fail,
To lurk beneath a *Youthful Widows* Vail.
Tell me ye *Fortune-Hunters* of the Age,
Who with new Faces ev'ry hour engage,
If for one easy *Fond* believing *Maid*,
Twice fifty *Am'rous Widows* have not fled
Into your Arms? for 'tis the *Creed* they hold,
One Warm Bedfellow's worth a hundred cold.
The *Worn out Soldier* finds an *Hospital*;
And *Wither'd Age* does for an *Alms-House* call.
The *Charter-house* for *Gentlemen* decay'd,
And *Widows* were for Younger *Brothers* made.
Once in an Age perhaps there may be known,
A *Widow* laugh at all the *Fops* in Town:
Live like th' *Ephesian Matron* all forlorn,
Refuse all Visits all Pretenders Scorn.
Yet there's a time. —— But rarely understood,
When *Sorrow* gives the Wall to *Flesh* and *Blood*;
Then if the *Lucky Minute* be but known,
Ply your Suit warm, she's certainly your *own*.
To these poor Souls perhaps I may be *civil*,
But *Widows* Old and Am'rous are the *Devil*,
Rather than seek t'allay her craving Itch,
I'd ev'ry night be Hagg-rid by a *Witch*,
The greatest curse I rather would prefer,
Than enter into loathed Sheets with her.
As equally offensive to my Arms,
Is an old *Maid* by Age depriv'd of charms,
For tho' she may be vain and think to please,
Yet *Fifty*'s an *Incurable Disease*.

Oh!

Oh! with what mighty pleaſure *ſhe'll* relate,
(Like *Cavileers* the Wars in *forty eight*,)
VVhat fine young *Sparks* her *humble Servants* were,
And how ſhe made them languiſh with deſpair:
But yet her *Vertue* was as much above
Their *Flatteries*, as they beneath her *Love*.
Her Vertue —— Dam her with her canting ſtile;
VVhen 'twas her *Pride* preſerv'd her all the while;
For let all VVomen till they're weary prate,
That *Honour* ſtands as Centry at the Gate:
That Innocence and Vertue are their Crown,
Tis *Pride*, 'tis *Pride* that keeps their *Linnen down*;
Their peeviſh Vertue keeps them chaſt in *ſpight*,
By day their *Guard* and *Bugbear* all the night:
True Hypocrites, who what they chiefly covet,
Seem moſt t' abhor and hate it when they love it:
Now nice, then free, now grave, and then more common,
There is no other Riddle but a VVoman.

Oh, *VVoman*, *Woman*! who can ere Rehearſe,
In laſting Proſe, or much more laſting Verſe,
VVhat mighty *Miſchiefs* have by thee been done,
Since angry Nature thee to Frame begun?
VVho but an haughty *Cleopatra* coſt;
Mark Anthony the Wold? for her 'twas loſt.
Who was't the *Roman Capitol* Betray'd?
But a perſideous VVhore, ſome call a *Maid*?
One VVomans luſt Inflamd that laſting Jar,
VVhich qurnt Old *Troy* after a 10 years war.
There never was a *Plot* or cloſe deſign,
The quiet of a *State* to undermine,
Or private Family to ruin brought,
VVherein a VVoman was not in the Plot;

Let

Let who will lead the *Van*, 'tis plain and clear
In *Miſchief*, *Women* ſtill bring up the *Rear*;
Yet they of Plots, *poor Souls*, do know no more,
Than he that Form'd the Project juſt before.
Thus we've of *Women* made a ſhort Survey,
And lightly touch'd their Vices in our way;
But a *Fond Lover* with his ſenſleſs Muſe,
Will all their Frailties and their Faults excuſe;
For is his *Miſtreſs* ugly beyond thought,
She's ſtill his *Queen*, his *Goddeſs*, and *what not*?
If ſhe with *Moles* and *Spots* be Larded o're,
He'l tell you *Venus* had a Mole before,
He for her *Limping* has ſome pretty hints,
She ſeems to him to *Languiſh* when ſhe *Squints*;
If *Fooliſh*; Lord! how Innocent ſhe is!
Nay, her Malicious Wit is ſure to pleaſe;
If *Drowſy-look'd* ſhe has the Air of *France*;
If *Sluttiſh*, 'tis but *a-la-Negligence*;
If *Tawdry* and *Ill-dreſt*, ſhe's *Modiſh* thought,
For Love can make a *Venus* of a *Slut*;
If ſhe Sings worſe than a Hoarſe *Smithfield-Trull*,
To her's, the Muſick of the Sphears is dull;
If *Wither'd Old*, Age for Reſpect doth call,
And Bags to make her Young will never fail;
If Lewd as *Creſſwell* in her youthful days
Yet to her *Vertue* he will Altars raiſe:
Let the deluded Fool go on, till's greateſt curſe
Be thoſe few words, *for better and for worſe*.
Oh! were there but ſome *Iſland* vaſt and wide,
Where *Nature's Dreſt* in all her *choiceſt Pride*;
The Air Serene, as Thoughts of *Angels* be,
Fertile the Ground, Spontaneous and Free;

Producing all things which we uſeful call,
As *Edens Garden* did before the *Fall*;
Of *Choiceſt Vines* an inexhauſted ſtore,
With *Swelling Cluſters* ready to run o're,
With their own plenty of the *Godlike Juice*,
Which ſeems in *Man* a ſecond Soul t' infuſe;
There with a Score of *Choice Selected Friends*,
Who know no private Intereſts nor Ends,
We'd Live, and could we Procreate like Trees,
And without *Womens Aid*——
Promote and Propogate our *Species*;
The Day in Sports and innocent Delight
We'd ſpend, and in ſoft *Slumber* waſt the Night:
Sometimes within a private *Grotto* meet,
With gen'rous Wines and Fruits our ſelves we'd Treat;
Ambition, Envy, and that Meager Train,
Should never interrupt our Peaceful *Raign*;
Bleſt with *Strong Health*, and a moſt quiet mind,
Each day our *Thoughts* ſhould new Diverſion find,
But *never*, *never* think on *WOMEN-KIND*.

FINIS.

The Batchelors Lettany.

FRom a Woman who thirty Long Winters has ſeen,
Yet by patching, and painting, and bathing her skin,
Appears pump and young, Like a Girl of fifteen,
Libera me, &c.

From one who to *Meetings* is always in Motion,
Or to *Church* how'rly Gadding, pretending Devotion,
Her ways are unknown, like the paths in the Ocean.
Libera me, &c.

From

From one who is always a Scolding and railing,
'Gainſt the faults of her Sex, and their Lewdneſs bewailing,
Twenty pound to a Cherriſtone ſhe has her failing.
Libera me, &c.

From one who affects ſtill rich Cloaths to be wearing,
But how ſhe comes by 'em a farthing not caring,
When her portion(Debts paid) will ſcarce buy a *Red-herring*.
Libera me, &c.

From one in whoſe Beauty her ſole fortune lyes,
Or depends on the will of an Aunt when ſhe Dyes,
Or in *Chamber of London*, or elſe 'twixt her T——hs.
Libera me, &c.

From a Woman who values her worth by her ſelf,
And o'rerun with conceit, is become ſuch an elf,
To allow none are witty or fair but her ſelf.
Libera me, &c.

From one who pretends to more Tongues then her own,
And in *French* and *Italian* a ſtudent is Grown,
When one Tongues enough for a Woman 'tis known.
Libera me, &c.

From one who each night to the Play-*Houſe* ſtill goes,
To ſhow her fine Face, or her much finer Cloaths,
And receives the addreſſes of *Sharpers* and *Beau*'s
Libera me, &c.

From a Raw *Country Girl* who got all her Breeding,
In a Village where Cows, Swine and Poultry were feeding,
And never was taught either writeing or Reading.
Libera me, &c.

From a *City Coquett* who by Ogling and ſmiling,
Each Day is ſome new *Fop-admirer* Beguiling,
The Devil is in her if ſhe be not willing. *Libera me*, &c.

From a Widow'd who buried both young men and old men,
Who once were her Husbands, and ſure they were bold-men,
To venture on her, or the Damp of her Cole-mine.
Libera me, &c.

From a Widow *ſhe Hipocrite* (if ſuch there be any)
Who pretends ſhe can Love none, tho Courted by many,
Has five or ſix Children and never a penny.
Libera me, &c.

From

From a Lass of Intrigue, who before she was Wed,
Has at *Tick-Tack*, or *Put*, or at *In* and *In* plaid,
And after her Marriage is soon brought to Bed.
Libera me, &c.

From one who some years has a *Town-Mistress* been,
And pretends to turn Honest to draw some man in,
From falling in such a Decoy, or a Gin. *Libera me*, &c.

From Marrying a Woman I've lain with before,
Who was constant to me, and to twenty men more,
Then make her my Wife who at first was my Whore.
Libera me, &c.

From one who in thought is as Lewd as a *Station*,
With an Airy *French* humour enough for to pall one,
Yet as proud and as jealous as is an *Italian*. *Libera me*, &c.

From one spends the Morning in Painting and Patching,
In her mind, for Intrigues, in the After-noon, hatching
From the humour at such slipp'ry Eels to be catching.
Libera me, &c.

From running my Neck in the Noose and the Curse,
Of taking a Woman for *Better* for *Worse*,
Who brings not a Groat, and will yet bear the Purse.
Libera me, &c.

From the Horrible Torment of Leading my Life,
With a Woman all wrangling, all noise, and all Strife,
So I Marry the *Devil* instead of a *Wife*. *Libera me*, &c.

From a Woman an utter Sworn Foe to Clean Linnen,
Looking always as Black as if Cole-hole she'd been in,
Fit only in *Newcastle-Mines* to be seen in. *Libera me*, &c.

From a Woman in *Cookry* so mightily knowing,
Will often in *Broath* let the *Dishclout* be stewing,
And tho nothing she knows, will be every thing doing.
Libera me, &c.

To Conclude, from a Woman is always gain-saying,
Always either a Gossiping, Scolding, or Praying,
And is ever Commanding instead of Obeying. *Libera me*, &c.

FINIS.